



UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

Pen Pictures of Service in the South in 1862.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The siege of Atlanta, Ga., in the summer of 1864, produced many incidents of a tragic or laughable nature, not recorded in books of history or personal memoir. And it is just such scenes, faithfully recorded, which give the general reader of later years an insight into the life and spirit that prevailed during such trying times.

Atlanta, as the writer remembers it, was truly a city "with hills surrounded," which bristled with cannon of various caliber, from the small-bore rifle Parrott gun to the 64-pound siege. And what a din they could produce on the least provocation! The Confederates had much the advantage in point of knowing the territory occupied by us, hence their often unbecomingly accurate marksmanship made many a poor fellow bite the dust even when not in line of battle.

One such incident occurs to me here, Gen. Sherman, to conceal some movement about to be made, ordered some regiments to march in a circle around a hill, to give the impression that he was massing troops on our left. This continued for several hours. The rebels soon practiced their marksmanship on these helpless and hapless troops, and we long heard the zip of the bullet and next the horrible sound as when a man is struck whom we soon see fall over, either dead or wounded. But this did not check the column.

It was a standing order to be in line at 6 o'clock in the morning to be counted and assigned to picket or other duty. My regiment, the 6th Ky., lay at the edge of a hill, behind a stone fence, before which sharp-pointed stakes had been set at a certain angle, and these tied together in long rows by green withes. Behind us at some distance rose another much higher hill, on which were situated Gen. O. O. Howard's Headquarters and the Signal Corps Station.



Even this did not check our column. There were no woods right in our front, hence we had an unobstructed view of the rebel intrenchments, and we could get a view for miles to our right, and often discover the smoke puff from a heavy siege gun that was in the habit of paying its unbecomingly respectful visits to our camp, because we were on high ground. But for good shooting and foolish recklessness this instance will be in point.

About 8 o'clock in the morning, one day, while we were lying behind our breastworks to avoid both stray and aimed bullets, which flew pretty thick at this time, we saw, on the hill of the General's Headquarters, a man coming part the way down, stop in plain sight of all, and black the General's or some officer's boots.

We held our breath, expecting to see man and boot fly in pieces from an exploding shell. But it did not explode, and soon we saw the man emerge from the dust, running at the speed for the hill-top, amid the cheers of all who saw the shot and its lucky termination.

All the men killed on our side were laid out by the enemy's bullets, as the following shows: Toward the close of the morning, a few days before the battle of Jonesboro, there came orders to a certain battery of Parrott rifles to fire a number of rounds into the city. Now this battery was posted about 50 yards in the rear of a regiment of men, on our left, who also had breastworks, consisting of logs piled on top of the other, man high, in front of which was a bank of dirt, and in front of this a deep ditch.

About this time, while the shells were flying over the heads of the men lying behind this shelter, there was one man who was polishing up his gun; for this was his job.

We hurried over, and saw a sad and horrible thing. There sat our man with gun still in hand, but the shell had struck his head, and left only the headless trunk sitting upright.

Poor fellow, he went to his long home, and never saw his earthly home again. This created a profound impression, and many were the expressions of sorrow at the seemingly undesired cruel fate of our comrade. Someone had blundered, and someone had died for it.

One morning early the writer, tired and exhausted from the heat of the previous day and night, slept later than usual, not hearing the morning call. His was a small shelter, consisting of a narrow foundation for a log house just wide enough for one man to lie in, over which was stretched the half

of a shelter tent. This erection was against the hill, some 30 yards behind the breastworks. It was a safe target, but not intended for such when built.

On this morning, while still heaped, there came a rolling, swishing noise right over the sleeper and the report of the impact of the missile into the hill behind his tent. How he got out of such low and narrow quarters, he is not now even able to tell. But the laughter that greeted him by the men who stood in line under arms will never be forgotten. On locating the hill where it had struck the hill we found it had glanced off, continued over the hill and knocked off the legs of one of the men, who was cleaning a horse at that hour.

It was not so soon forgotten. Such forcible and effective morning calls were not received with that kindly spirit of gratitude, nor was the humane impulse that would hasten the sluggish sleeper to arouse always appreciated with that generous promptness that would hasten the sleeper to arouse. We were early and vigilant cannoneers of that distant fort.

The many and longing looks we cast in the direction of the fair and doomed city, whose suit we pressed with all the unrelenting and sleepless ardor of fervent desire, would have pleased the heart of those early and vigilant cannoneers of that distant fort.



THERE SAT OUR MAN.

early and late, and often, with pressing and warm tenders of our serious and sincere intention to bring their armed and hostile attitude to a grateful and successful end.

While the gallant Sherman stole off toward Savannah, leaving behind him a lurid trail of the burning buildings of the besieged city, our task was to take up a position along the railroad between Nashville and Chattanooga, near Anderson Station, to guard the bridges and trestles of that mountainous road.

We were transferred from the burning heat of the Georgia highlands to the rural interior of Tennessee, and we were scattered and confined in log stockades, was a most disagreeable, and, as it proved, disastrous exchange. We were saved from participating in the battles of Franklin and Nashville only to be soaked with bullets in that confused and unhealthy bottomland.

Call to your mind a square building of large trees set in the ground on end, with holes cut for port-holes about breast high. Over this were placed other logs for a roof, and covered with earth. On this was situated a small square and covered lookout for the sentry to watch by day or night.

Outside, and before the entry, was another row of logs, also set in the ground. Within, in the center of the stockade, was the well. Around the two sides, away from the railroad, we had erected our beds, about three feet from the ground, and made of such old boards as we could find. Stiffness and ease were not aimed at in their construction, and this made it necessary to turn about very often during the night.

While this was a lonely and dispiriting life after an exciting and persistent march toward and around Atlanta, we found much to give relief and interest in the midst of our inactivity. It was necessary to be vigilant, for guerrillas were numerous and active, and the line was important, and must be held for service.

But one by one our men fell victims to that misery of lowlands, undrained swamps, and the confined air and bad water of our camp. It was a sight to make angels weep, to see one poor fellow after another, as his period of fever and ague came on, shake as if every joint of his body was anxious to be parted from its neighbor.

This was bad enough when the creek, on whose banks the stockade was built, was low and the country around dry and passable. But one day there came a freshet; a rain had fallen far in the mountains, and its waters rushed down and surrounded our camp.



THESE FELLOWS LIVED HIGH.

waters rushed down and surrounded our camp. The water outside was many feet higher than the floor on which we lived, and only the soil thrown against the upright logs prevented the flood from entering to drown us out.

But our work was more deadly and less perceptible. We well now began to assume full form, fed by the turgid mass without and threatened to flood us from within. Thereof comfort was out of the question. Cut off from the surrounding country by a deep mass of water, with a soaked floor and not a ray of sunlight to enter, dry or cheer us with its warmth, we felt indeed that the glory of war was not all it had promised or had been painted.

We erected a narrow trestle, about three feet high, to reach dry land. We took down our beds to do this. We preferred death by the enemy rather than by this slow torture. Those not too weak to walk held on by the rails, and got safely over. The writer and several others were unable to walk, so we crawled on hands and feet in a trembling and painful manner to reach a place of safety and help.

By this time Thomas had defeated and scattered Hood's army, which fled into Alabama. Our line was now safe and relief near at hand.

Orders came to assemble the regiment from its several stations and proceed to Nashville to be discharged. We took a long train of box-cars, and for the most part posted ourselves on the roofs of the same to get a last look at a country we should probably never see again.

At night here I must place on record something that was the credit of some of our men. Some during our stay had ingratiated themselves in the good graces and homes of the women and wives of the absent soldiers of the Union and the Confederacy. They lived high, and our misery in swamps and lonely vigils had no terrors for them; for they slept in feather beds and fared well. They married those women and promised them on our removal and discharge to take them along as their wives. But, alas! for a soldier's promise and human fickleness. On the day of our departure these women thus beguiled departed to the station to take the train with us. Their soldier friends, to their credit be it said, did make some half-hearted attempt to secure transportation for the women, but it was refused.

As our train pulled out there were about 50 women, some with small children in their arms, still waiting to be taken aboard, following the train as it increased speed to its destination. If any of my fellow-soldiers are still living who were thus connected, I would be more than pleased to hear that they had performed a manly part and sent for those women to whom they gave such promises and who treated them so well.

At last we reached Nashville. It was a cold New Year's night, and the rendezvous of our company was the floor of a basement saloon. Our worthy troopers proceeded without delay to quench their long-drawn-up thirst with one drink and boys' questionable liquids that the place afforded.

This was the second entry we had made into that famous city. The first time as a part of the advance of Buell's army, after the fall of Fort Donelson, on our way to Shiloh's dark and bloody field. And now, after our march across the river and the capture of another side of a bloody and disastrous battle for its possession. The regiment was here mustered out and sent to Louisville, Ky., its home, and the writer continued in the service to the close of the war.—FRANK MILLER, 32 Washington Avenue, Oceanus, N. Y.

SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

What Scammon's Brigade, of Cox's Division, Did at That Fight.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I want to tell the part my regiment and brigade had in the battle of South Mountain, in hopes that it will bring to the minds of those who may be more able with the pen than I am.

After the second Bull Run "picnic," in which our brigade had an invitation and attended in a body, but were badly mistreated by the cavalry of the South, our division (Cox's), which was our brigade, was ordered to attend another "picnic," which was supposed to be held somewhere over in "My Maryland," nearer home. Of course, over we went, had a little valtz at Monocacy Creek, and a regular hoodlum and shindy, which ended in a bloody fight between our division and the cavalry of the South, a spur of the Catocin Range, denominated South Mountain on the topographical maps of the country.

On Saturday morning, Sept. 13, 1862, our advance came up with and defeated the 11th and 12th Md. Inf., and that night came to a halt some two miles beyond. The next morning at a very early hour the onward movement was resumed, the troops being in the best of spirits and eager to meet the enemy and wipe out the Bull Run humiliation. The rebels in the immediate front gradually receded as our troops advanced, but their retreat was slow, dogged, and steady, as if they were determined to dispute every foot of ground to which we were putting in our claim.

All this time, under a long post 1 o'clock, the earth was shaken by the terrible thunder of artillery, the enemy firing with marked precision and constancy, while our rifled pieces sent their iron compliments through the air with a fury that was deafening. Covered by the thick foliage of impenetrable woods, and the fire of the enemy's guns, the long line of gleaming fire bursting from a hundred cannon and the undulating wreaths of smoke which ascended high into the air exposed the places occupied by our sullen enemy. Wherever the flash of a cannon was seen, or the gray, misty smoke ascended, the eye could see the line of the battle, and the rain of shot and shell was frightful; whistling and howling through the air, tearing and plowing up the earth, these awful messengers of death and destruction fell like hail into the very midst of the rebel hosts. The carnage among them must have been appalling, but they kept on to their guns, and sent us almost as good as we gave them.

The infantry now advanced with the utmost precision and order. Every arm was nerved for the fight, and sword and bayonet were clutched with a vigor that was the surest presage of victory.

On and on went the long line of blue, and we caught glimpses of the rebels here and there through the timber or brush as they emerged into an open space. No thunder of cannon or bursting of shell could delay them, and they came on until they were met by our cover and compelled him to decide himself or surrender.

The enemy was soon discovered posted strongly in the thickness of the woods. The fire of the artillery was now resumed with increased vigor, and along our whole line was a continuous roar of fire. The Commanding General at once ordered Cox's Division to the left, supported by Wilcox's Division.

Gen. Scammon's Brigade, from West Virginia, consisting of the 11th, 12th, and 23d Ohio, was the first to come into the fight. As soon as we approached the enemy, the two fine brigades of North Carolina troops advanced steadily, and essayed to charge into our ranks. But Scammon's veterans stood their ground.

In the most grievous kind of uncertainty the enemy halted. There was a pause, Scammon's opportunity. With a voice of thunder he gave the order:

"Charge bayonets!" and with a wild cry and an impetuous, irresistible dash the brigade broke through the lines of the enemy. The rebels broke ranks in disorder and scattered over the hills. In this brilliant charge the rebel left was completely turned, and the glorious banner of the Republic once more victoriously baptized in blood. But at what a cost!

Victory had crowned our every effort so far with success, and we were every day reinforcing our position and rendering our triumph more secure. The retreating enemy was now sorely harassed, and had to order his artillery to hastily fall back to avoid capture. The nature of the contest at 3 o'clock in the day was bloody and desperate.

The Ohio and North Carolina regiments fought with a degree of desperation such as can scarcely be conceived. The 12th Ohio was at one time engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the 12th N. C., while the 23d Ohio was fighting as furiously with the 23d N. C.

It was a carnival of death; hell itself turned loose. The contest lasted for fully half an hour, but the brave Bayonets carried everything before them, discomfiting and scattering their enemies, capturing an immense number of prisoners, together with three battle-flags, a very large quantity of small arms, and laying low Gen. Garland, the commander of the rebel brigades.

For the time the contest lasted there was no more desperate battle during the whole campaign. During the day the 23d Ohio lost nearly 200 men, of whom almost one-fourth were killed on the field. Only seven men were unaccounted for at roll-call. Col. R. B. Hayes being among the wounded.

The 12th Ohio lost 19 killed, 91 wounded, and eight missing. The 30th Ohio lost 18 killed and 48 wounded. The 36th Ohio also lost in proportion. The above Ohio troops made three separate bayonet charges during the day, and were sent from West Virginia, where they had been forming with other troops of Gen. J. D. Cox's Division, intended for reinforcement to Gen. Pope.

It was in this fight that the gallant Gen. Reno fell mortally wounded by a rifle-bullet through his brain. He died while directing his men to take up proper positions for the defense of that flag he loved so well.—SOL. R. SMITH, Co. I, 12th Ohio, Lincoln, Ill.

Abraham Lincoln's Stories.

Send your address and 10 cents—silver or stamps—to the Editors of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and get by return mail a fully-illustrated book of Lincoln stories and anecdotes, and package of the famous LINCOLN TEA.

ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

Part Taken by the 66th Ill. at Resaca and Lay's Ferry.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: "High Private," in your paper of Nov. 29, 1864, accuses Gen. O. Howard of making a mistake when writing of the advance at Snake Creek Gap. Both parties mistaken. Gen. Howard assigned our regiment to the Twelfth Corps. We belonged to the Sixteenth Corps, Army of the Tennessee. "High Private" is also alive to say, the last of the 66th Ill. had the advance.

The fact is this: On the morning of the 9th of May, the 39th Iowa took the field as skirmishers. They were not used to skirmishing, and failed to make an advance at once. The 66th Ill., sometimes called Birge's Sharpshooters, were then ordered into line across the gap, in the rear of the 39th Iowa. We of the 66th were sent forward, passing the men of the 39th on the double-quick. We drove the enemy (Wilders' dismounted cavalry) six or seven miles to the big bottom. We captured a number of prisoners.

Our company was made up of a cluster of buildings. Part of our company were on a small hill just north of the road.

Gen. McPherson and staff dismounted and climbed the hill to inspect rebel forts about two miles away near Resaca. I am certain the 66th Ill. was not in front that day. To show the contrary that I wish to give my regiment due credit, I will say that the 66th made the advance on a run, knowing that the 8th Ohio and 12th Ill. were close at their heels.

I do not know where "High Private" could have been during the crossing at Lay's Ferry. He had with him the original plan to send the 66th Ill. across the river in advance, but they had used up their ammunition and the order had to be changed. The evening before the crossing was made our company (A, 66th Ill., Capt. W. S. Boyd) was on skirmish-line below the old ferry crossing. The rebels were ordered to hear by letter from all Sultana survivors.

He is no Howard.

George C. Platt, 6th U. S. Cav., Philadelphia, Pa., says he did not intend to challenge any comrade to beat his record of 46 battles. He wishes no controversy with Comrade B. Kline, 6th U. S. A. The number of engagements was at first incorrectly stated at 60.

Information Wanted.

Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, Daisy Post, Washington, wants the address of H. K. Perry, living in Wyoming; also of other members of the 3d Ky. Cav.

Augustus Bradbury, Sergeant, 7th Mass., Fairbury, S. D., writes: "In reply to Charles F. Hunt's question through your paper, I will say that it was one section of the 7th Me. battery that went into that field on the 31 day of June, 1864, and opened on the enemy's works."

Instances II.

W. E. Webster, 1st N. Y. battery, Auburn, N. Y., writes: "Comrade Patterson, of the 12th W. Va., continues to deny the records of history, and he is wrong in nearly every claim he makes, excepting one; to wit, no one questioned the loyalty of West Virginia. It seems very foolish for comrades to kick against the official records. If they would take time to read up they would not make up their minds so easily. It is a fact, that the 12th W. Va. was in the line, employed in driving mules, and never under fire, give a complete story of a battle in which the company or regiment to which they belonged were engaged."

"Says our comrade: 'The 12th W. Va. did not come into the Atlanta campaign, nor any other place.' At New Market, Va., May 15, 1864, was fought a battle between the Union troops, commanded by Gen. Sigel, and Confederates, commanded by Gen. Breckinridge. Page 498, Battles and Leaders of Civil War, says Gen. Sigel reports: 'There was an interruption of a few minutes, when the enemy's line recoiled and our men cheered. Then the fire began again and lasted about 30 minutes. The enemy again charged, this time especially against our batteries.' He came so near that Lieut. Chaffin, of Carlin's Battery, rode up to me and said: 'I have killed a man, and I am a prisoner. I immediately ordered two companies of the 12th W. Va. to advance and protect the pieces, but to my surprise there was no disposition to advance. In fact, in spite of entreaties and reproaches, the men could not be moved an inch.' The battery was then ordered to retreat. The commander of the 12th W. Va. acknowledged the had conducted a part of his troops that failed to do their duty."

A Good Home.

J. S. Chappell, Dwight, N. C., having lost his wife by death, wants a woman between 35 and 50 years of age, with good references, to keep house for him. No small children. Reference can be furnished. The said J. S. Chappell served as a soldier of the late war, in Co. E, 1st N. C. (Union), and now draws a pension of \$30 per month, and is the Commander of Post 50, G. A. R., Department of Virginia and North Carolina.

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H. H. Hatch, Captain, Co. D, 74th Ill., Middlebury, Ct., writes: "In the Atlanta campaign, in July, 1864, I left my sword-belt and revolver hanging on a little tree on the Decatur road near Atlanta. The belt was made of black calfskin leather, and the revolver a Smith & Wesson—I think a six-inch barrel. As this was a present to me, I would like to have it recovered. These articles, I had stopped to take a short rest, and marched on again, without thinking of my belt and revolver were gone. If any comrade can return one or both to me, it will be a great favor. Some comrade must have picked them up, as our corps (the Fourth) was marching along at the time."

Not in the Regiment.

Ira Wilson, Co. G, 8th Ohio Cav., Soldiers' Home, Santa Monica, Cal., writes: "I see by your issue of Dec. 8, that some one is trying to make it appear that there was a Captain by the name of Rile in the 8th Ohio Cav. As I was in that regiment from its muster into the field at Concord, N. H., in 1861, and Sherman's march to the sea, and present also at Fort Henry, siege of Corinth, Lost Mountain, Ogechee, Savannah, Saikabatchie, and Bentonville. At Shiloh the regiment lost 22 killed, 76 wounded, and three missing, out of 329 engaged; at Corinth, 15 killed, 70 wounded, and 15 missing out of six companies engaged, numbering 274 men. When mustered out it was a part of Mersey's Brigade, Dodge's Division, of the Sixteenth Corps."

The 48th Iowa.

This organization was a 100 days' regiment, raised in Iowa in 1864. Oliver H. P. Scott commanded it. It was engaged in guarding prisoners at Rock Island during its entire term of service. It was engaged in no battle. A few men died from disease.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, 113 S. Hoyne Ave., Chicago, writes: "I have a new and powerful remedy, Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer. We have from time to time made brief mention, desiring us to state that the Vitalizer is not a patent medicine, nor is it sold by druggists; but gentlemen and ladies who have been cured by its use, prompted by gratitude towards the doctor, and by a desire to benefit their fellow-men, act as his agents, thus enabling him to supply sufferers from such ailments as Constipation, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, and other disorders caused by impurities in the blood, as well as all disorders peculiar to females, with this expensive remedy at the lowest possible price. For further information address Dr. Peter Fahrney, 112 S. Hoyne Ave., Chicago."

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THE "BAND-BOX COCKLE" REGIMENT.

W. Fuller and "Foxy" Co. F, 32d Mass., Bridgeport, Conn., write: "We have been constant readers of your paper for years, and in all that time we have failed to see mention of the 32d Mass. They were in the Second Brigade, First Division, Fifth Corps. Although we were both with them, we begin to think the 32d must either have been coffee coolers or on some detached soft soap during their term of service in the field, from May, 1862, till July, 1863."

"If this should meet the eye of any of the 32d, we should like to hear if they were in any of the fierce engagements of the late war. The colors carried by the 32d during the war, and now on exhibition in the State House, Boston, show signs of hard usage, and it would not be anything to their discredit to let the facts be known."

Homes for Settlers.

Prof. E. P. Hill, Florenceville, La., says his section offers many advantages to settlers. There is a good climate, cheap lands, good water. He wishes to see the country settled with Northerners.

A Sultana Survivor.

E. W. McIntosh, 208 East South street, Indianapolis, Ind., says he is one of the Sultana survivors. He was eight months in Andersonville, then taken to parole camp, near Fredericksburg, landing there "with 7000 other skeletons." Comrade McIntosh describes the trip on the Sultana and the discharge of the survivors to hear by letter from all Sultana survivors.

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